

THINGS OF INTEREST to WOMEN

Summer Gossip at Hotels.

HERE is scarcely a summer resort—be it in the country, mountains or seashore—that isn't bordered and blighted by that most despicable of all women—the gossip. And generally she is alone. She is certain to find several of her kind wherever she goes for the summer. If she does not, she soon makes gossips of the women she selects as the recipients of her chatty remarks about the other people in the hotel.

She neglects her own affairs so that she may pry into those of the other guests, and she tells what she discovers—and what she does not discover—as the gospel truth. Ever alert for anything that is none of her business she watches the other people like a hawk and misconstrues what she sees into fabrications of the most villainous sort. She is a listener, an eavesdropper. Fragments of conversation caught here and there are twisted and turned and distorted into ghastly tales that sometimes wreck homes, destroy happiness and besmirch a woman's honor. Nothing is too small or innocent for her to overlook. Everything that happens is grist for her unclean mill. Herself a liar and a deceiver, she takes it for granted that all others are the same, and she looks for the bad in everyone she meets—not the good.

You can see her on the veranda of a morning, with one or more of her kind beside her, tearing the reputations of those about her to pieces like a culture over its prey. She talks in whispers and she grows suddenly quiet when others approach—unless they be her own kind. Even then, she may change the subject of conversation for the chances are she has been talking about them. She is friendly to everyone—and true to no one. A hypocrite herself, she looks for the same quality in others and laughs at the sincere, innocent woman who believes her friendship true.

There is but one subject upon which she can converse—people. An abstract, impersonal subject is of no interest to her. But she can talk for hours about those around her—and she is forever and a day quoting them, with a most wonderful disregard for the verities of their statements. After she has told each individual of her own kind what she has gathered since the

previous evening, she tells what So-and-So told her and a certain friend of an other So-and-So once told a friend of hers about the same person. After that she will discuss their clothes and the way they dress their children. She writes to her sister villages in other cities to find out what they can tell her about the different people at the hotel. And she rolls up information she may obtain under her tongue as a choice morsel and delights in retelling it to her own crew.

Let one of the guests be a trifle thoughtful in her conduct, innocent though it be, and she makes a mountain of slurs and insinuations out of the meagerness of her conduct. She is always wondering if So-and-So is really happy with her husband, or if the husband really loves his wife. And she keeps track, to the best of her ability, of the mail of the other women. If a woman so much as intimates that she can't understand why she hasn't heard from her husband in the city in the past two days, the gossip immediately retails that delectable fact to her cronies and embellishes it with the additional information that the husband has either had a quarrel with his wife about money matters or must be having a high old time in town while his wife is away. She is always wondering why such-and-such a man ever married such-and-such a woman and vice versa. In fact, she pokes her talon nose into everything that doesn't concern her, and her scent for scandal is impeccable.

The young people at the hotel are under her evil eye from sunrise to sunset—and she has them engaged or separated a dozen times a day. None of them escape her criticism—though she pretends to their faces to think them the dearest and sweetest of girls.

There is but one way of dealing with the summer resort gossip and that is to avoid her as one would the pestilence. Though this may anger her and bring down upon you the darts of her forked tongue, it will at least narrow the possibilities of her lies and duplicity by eliminating her chances to quote you directly. Cut her outwardly and consistently and avoid even a semblance of friendship with her. She is a wolf in sheep's clothing—and the wider berth you give her the better for you.

You can see her on the veranda with one or more of her kind.

Household Linen.

NOW is the best time to replenish the linen closet or to purchase the new supply, and the hot, leisure hours give plenty of time for the marking. Many housewives are often perplexed as to how to mark the linen when they cannot afford to have it embroidered or cannot spare the time to do it themselves. There are many ways of doing the marking. The styles of letters change each year, and it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules regarding this point. For the common tablecloth, which is to be used every day, the initials are three and one-half to four inches high, although when a single monogram is used they are much larger. The napkins are marked with the same kind of initials, but are only from one to two inches high. Sheets have monograms from four to four-and-one-half inches high, and the pillow cases and bolsters have the same letters, but just half the size. The marking of towels vary from one to four inches in height, while bureau covers, table covers and elaborate bedspreads have initials from five to seven inches high.

Care should be taken with sheets that the monogram shows right side up when the end of the sheet is turned over and one looks at it from the foot of the bed. The letters should be in the center of the sheet about two inches below the hem and facing towards the edge of the sheet.

THE MIRROR.

MUCH has been said about the woman who uses the mirror to excess, but the fact is that a woman cannot be well dressed and have her hair in the latest mode unless she does use the mirror. The clear light which this little glass reveals many things that a woman would not know about herself unless it is used. It reveals many things that a woman would not know about herself unless it is used.

Mr. Justwed at the Ball Game.

IF it hadn't been ladies' day at the ball park and if Mrs. Justwed had not been complaining so the past week about Mr. J.'s being late for dinner, Homer-dear wouldn't have taken her to the game. But it was, and she had complained and he did.

"I want to take you to the game with me this afternoon," Mr. J. explained, as he left in the morning for the bank. "Just to show you how interesting it is. Of course, it is perfectly hopeless to expect you to understand the fine points of the game, but I think you will be sufficiently excited to see that a fellow simply can't leave even if his dinner is waiting for him. I shall explain as many of the plays as I think you are

Blossom's benefit. "Strike!" called his alibi, the Umpire. "Robber!" yelled a man in front of her.

Mrs. J. was puzzled. "I should say he is a robber," she exclaimed finally, "how can that Umpire say he struck at the ball when I didn't see him even move his bat?"

There was just a trace of irritation in Mr. J.'s manner as he explained the point. "He doesn't have to hit at it," Mr. J. insisted, "if it comes over the plate its a strike anyway! How stupid! When he strikes that's coming over the plate why then doesn't he hit it? That's silly!" Again Mr. Justwed explained—this time hastily.



Mr. Justwed had both arms waving and was shouting like a crazy man. The next batter knocked a long fly to left field where it was promptly caught.

Would Homer-dear please tell her why a man was called "out" when he had been in the way of a ball such a long, long distance? Wasn't it perfectly wonderful how far that ball would go? Was it made of rubber? And was the—er—the bat also of rubber?

Mr. Justwed gazed at her hopelessly. Such foolish questions! Could it be possible that there were in these United States people living who were so woefully ignorant on the subject of baseball? Was every woman so hopelessly at sea on the subject as Blossom?

When the home team came to the bat it started things immediately. The first man "up" laced out a pretty punt along the third base line and beat the ball by just the fraction of a second.

Simultaneously with the Umpire's decision the exclamation: "Safe!" escaped Mrs. Justwed's lips. But Homer was up and shouting, so she failed to note that enlightening fact.

In a few minutes the home team had a man on third and another on second. The batter sent a hot grounder to short and the runner on third started for the plate. The short stop handled the ball cleanly and sent it straight into the catcher's mitt—a mile ahead of the runner. Seeing that he had no chance of reaching base, the runner turned and tried to regain third base. Naturally the third baseman and the catcher kept the ball going between them, gradually closing in on the runner.

The crowd was on its feet yelling like mad. Mr. Justwed had both arms waving and was shouting like a crazy man. Mrs. Justwed was sitting meekly and quietly in her seat—but intent upon the play.

Suddenly the third baseman threw the ball to the catcher, who to the surprise of all muffed it—and the runner reached the plate.

But the triumphant shrieks of the fans were changed to howls of dismay when the Umpire declared the runner out. For a moment the cause of his decision was inexplicable.

A dispute began on the field immediately. "Now wouldn't that jar you?" yelled Homer. "Why is he out?"

"Robber!" How much did they pay you?" shrieked Mrs. Justwed, above the excitement. "He didn't interfere with the throw! Blind in one eye and can't see out of the other, they ought to

have him canned you long ago. Talk to him, Tommy! Talk to him! Don't you care if he does put you out of the game? We'll pay your fine! Sing him! Kill him! Don't stand for—"

And Mrs. Justwed stopped short as she caught a glimpse of the face of the astonished Mr. Justwed regarding her as one who can't believe his own ears.

Not only had she seized upon the only point upon which the Umpire could possibly have based his decision—that the runner had interfered with the third baseman when he threw the ball—but here she was shouting at the Umpire in the most approved fan lingo. "Blossom!" he gasped, "how—how—did you know—that—"

"Talk to him, Tommy! Don't let him

blow you! What's that Homer? Huh! If I didn't know any more about baseball than you know I'd be ashamed to come out to the ball park! You'll explain as many of the plays as you think I am able to understand, will you? I can tell you more about baseball in one minute than you can tell me in a year! Put that in your pipe and smoke it! Go to him, Tommy! Tell him where he gets off—the robber!"

At the end of the game an awe-stricken, starry-eyed man walked slyly from the ball park with an excited, happy woman, as one in a dream.

Large Hatpins.

THE hatpins of this season are large and attractive, and the assortment contains all sorts of gay colors. Rhinestones and pearls are the most popular among the imported pins and are also the rage in Paris. The favorite designs are the spike and club, which are valued at the shops according to their size. The latest Parisian novelty is the Navette, a lozenge-shaped set with a pink dentelle. These pins are intended to be worn in pairs, and four are considered none too many for a large hat. The jet remains very fashionable in spite of the fact that it became so popular in the spring that it was predicted it would drop from vogue. The jet pins are considered a large part of the trimming for black hats, and are sometimes in the ball and butterfly patterns. Older women show a preference for gunmetal pins, and this assortment is large, the shapes being bells, twists and cubes.

DON'TS FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

DON'T make the mistake and wait until the special fruit season is almost gone and then pay double the regular price for it.

Don't be of the opinion that overripe fruit makes the best preserves or jellies. Don't use anything but the best of materials for the best of results.

Don't use granulated sugar for spiced fruits. Use light brown only.

Don't use a steel knife to pare with. Use a silver one. This applies to fruit only.

Don't allow preserves to stand after they are cold. Put melted paraffin on the cover with lids, wash off every trace of stickiness and place in a cool and dark place for future use.

Walking As An Exercise.

WHEN the average man reaches the age of 50 he is just about becoming an expert in the line of polishing chair seats, and very few look upon the task of Edward Payson Weston, the aged pedestrian, except to remark that the old man is a crank and probably does not realize what he is doing.

But Weston is now 70 years of age, and he has crossed the Continent in his walking tour, none the worse for the exercise, but on the other hand his health is much improved. He is hale and hearty, while other men much younger than he have become invalids on account of a lack of exercise. Physicians say that walking is one of the best exercises, if not the best, that can be obtained. Almost every muscle in the body is put into play by a good brisk walk.

Taken in moderation any form of exercise is beneficial, but there is nothing better than walking in the fresh air. Every man who thinks he has not time to take a walk is mistaken and in the long run he will find that the exercise prolonged his life to a certain extent. No exercise causes the muscles to become flabby. On the other hand a long walk each Thursday, say, does no good. One must take the walk each day, a walk to the office down town each morning being very beneficial. Once in the habit of walking increased good health will soon

be discovered and the pedestrian can hardly be induced to give up his recreation.

Senators Use Snuff.

ONE of the most peculiar things in the Senate Chamber, at Washington, is the snuff box. Many men are of the opinion that the days of snuff is over, driven out by cigars, cigarettes and the pipe, but such is not the case. One snuff-box is at the right of the Vice President's chair, and another is at the left. The boxes are convenient to the door opening into the Senate Chamber from the corridor close to the marble room. The snuff-boxes have been there for many years and one might think they were no longer used, but such is not the case. The boxes are filled regularly by an attendant and some of the older senators still find much use for the snuff.

The use of blotting paper in the Senate Chamber is recent, and before it was used various methods were adopted to dry ink. One of the oldest was the sprinkling of salt over the written page. One of the odd things about this method has not entirely gone out of use, many of the older senators still having their small box of the salt. The desk of each senator has a small sand duster. One of these dusts resembles a pepper box, having small holes through which the fine white sand is dusted and allowed to dry on the ink.

Facts for Men.

PRESIDENT of Holland pays about 12 per cent. of his income each year in taxes. He is taxed for his business income, for the interest he collects, on his house rent, furniture, six fireplaces and all the stoves in the house. On an income of \$2,400 per year he must pay \$293.

The English mercantile marine, which forms more than one-half the world's shipping, brings England about \$450,000,000 each year.

The reason some men do not succeed is because they expend all their energy cursing their luck.

In the various races in the world 600,000,000 are white, 700,000,000 are yellow, 225,000,000 are black, 25,000,000 are brown and 10,000,000 are other races.

The trade unions are no new invention. According to records dug up in the ruins of Pompeii there was such a thing as a trade union in the days when the old city flourished.

One of the leading German firms is contemplating the erection of a new plant for the manufacture of airships and aeroplanes.

The water of the ocean is rich in radium, which is almost priceless.

Mr. Good Fellow on Wise Guy Fans

NOW, I haven't got a word to say against the baseball fan," remarked Mr. A. Good Fellow, as he swung aboard a car for the ball park and squeezed in beside an old friend, "for I'm one of 'em myself, as you well know. But I do want to register a gentle protest against these wise guys, these Mr. Know-it-alls, who lay down the law as to how the team ought to be run and knock everyone when the team is losing.

"You know how it is, Bo; they've got an explanation of just why the team is hitting the down grade, and all sorts of dope to show why it should not be. If this were only done, they argue, or if the other change had been made a month ago, why then so and so would be the case. There is a crowd about me, I have heard tell of Bo, hotter than the inside of a dozen Turkish baths rolled into one, and they say it is paved with good intentions and 'ifs.' I have one, and only one, reason for possessing a curious and morbid curiosity to see the inside of it, and that is—to count the number of disgruntled wise-guy baseball fans there engaged in laying the afore-mentioned paving blocks.

"Honest, Bo, sometimes it gets on my nerves. Went out to the game yesterday and sat next to one of them. He knew all about baseball. Why, sir-ree! What he didn't know had another of like cut with him, and the way they tore off single, double and home run knocks with their little hammers, was a lesson in batting the stuffing out of every or any old thing.

"They started in on the manager. He was trying to run the team too much, they claimed, and he was hopelessly killing all the natural ability of his players by making them live up to signals. Not 10 minutes later one of the players tried to stretch a double into a three-bagger, and these wise-guys turned right around

and knocked the verbal Sam Hill out of the poor old manager for not signaling the runner to stand pat on second!

"They didn't like the pitcher when he began the game, and branded him all sorts of a has-been. The next inning this same twirler struck out three men in succession—and they wondered what sort of dope he had been taking. They sized up every batter as he stepped up to the plate in a tone of voice loud enough to jar upon the enthusiasm of every fan within a radius of 10 feet from them. And in every case, I noticed, they were all wrong on their dope. Invariably the batters they called dubs lined out the ball for a single at least, and the men they touted as the real goods with the stick either struck out or died on little pop flies. But they knew all about it—so the rest of us round about let them mow on.

"In the ninth inning our boys came to the bat, two runs to the bad. These Mr. Wise-Guy fans just sat back and bemoaned the idle brains directing the fairly brave that dared hope to knock out a victory. When the first man up sent a beaut of a bunt toward short and then beat the ball to first—they savagely declared that to work this stage of the game was worse than the floating straw to the drowning man. And when the next batter made a corking sacrifice fly raved and roared and tore their hair. And yet, when the next stick-artist lined out a blazing single, advancing the runner to third, they solemnly declared the manager had evidently come round to their way of thinking at last. You know the end—we won by a run—and would you believe it, the wise yaps took all the glory upon their own shoulders and explained to each other how they would have conducted the battle in almost precisely the same manner if they had been in charge.

"During the whole game they never rooted, that is, really rooted for the home-look out, Bo; there they are three seats ahead of us! Keep your eye on them and get as far away as possible, even if we have to go over in the bleachers—if you want to really enjoy the game!"

For Each Child.

IN one of the municipalities of Berlin, Schoenberg, there is a bank book issued by the municipal savings institution for each child born. Each birth reported to the authorities is then reported to the bank and the book is issued. And also one mark, 25 cents, is deposited for the child. The theory is that with this deposit the parents of the child will be encouraged to keep up the account in the child's name, depositing all they can spare. The original deposit cannot be withdrawn until two years after the account was started.

Business Men of To-day.

THE business men of today should get more enjoyment out of life, do more for others and not so much for themselves. They should live more in books, more in the open and less at their desks. In this way better health and longer lives would result. More culture in all its forms is exercising a greater influence, which manifests itself in lessened effort along the lines of money-getting. Aristotle said: "The end of labor is to gain leisure," and there is no doubt but that Aristotle was a wise man.

Pennsylvania is the leading state with taxable property within its border.

A Low Spreading Bungalow, Costing \$3,500.



OUR bungalow design shown in this issue is 40 feet wide and 48 feet deep. It was designed for a warm climate, finished without plastering or back plastering, the partitions covered with Compo boards, the finish throughout in natural pine. Built without basement, the main floor 3 feet above the grade with openings for air and ventilation underneath. The main cornice is wide spreading; the outside is covered with wide drop siding. The estimate of the cost built in this manner is \$3,500. If the house should be plastered throughout, a good basement underneath, the cost would reach \$5,000. This bungalow has a very faunty appearance. The projected windows with seats in the dining-room and living-room add much to the beauty. The piazza is at one corner and is 16 feet square, coming under the main roof. The floors are of hard pine or Washington fir. There are two main chimneys with three fireplaces.

On the second floor, in the central portion of the roof, there are two good rooms, the remaining portion being used for storage purposes or amusement room. The finish of the exterior is in dark stain on the natural wood, using a good shade of brown; the trimmings, casings to windows, cornices, piazza, columns, etc., are white and the shingles of the roof stained either red or green.

CHAMBER 14'x21'0" KITCHEN 10'x10'0" PORCH

BATH ROOM 5'x7'0" PANTRY

CHAMBER 12'x10'0" HALL

CHAMBER 10'x12'0" DRESSING ROOM 8'x14'0"

PIAZZA 16'x22'0" LIVING ROOM 16'x22'0"

CHAMBER 10'x12'0" CHAMBER 10'x12'0"

